

*Chas. Thos. Collett*  
1, 13,

# INTRODUCTION

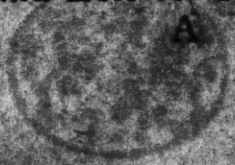
To an *Extract*; entitled,  
**ZEALOUS REMONSTRANCES, &c.**

**A** VERY *dirty Sheet of Paper*! or, a very *dirty Sea Captain*! Who called it so, thro' *Spite and Malice*, to save his *dirty Credit* at a Court of *Conscience for Westminster*.

By a reputed Grandson of his Grace, *John*, late Duke of *Marlborough*; otherwise an Earl's Grandson; *John Railton*, Plaintiff.

I told the said Court of my Writing some *Discoveries* in *May and June*, A. D. 1756; also carried my Subject for Alderman *Beckford's* Approbation, that very Summer.—When Captain *Tho. Collett* came there to Breakfast, according to Custom; he received the *Manuscript*, and promised to get me an Answer within two or three Days at the farthest: But he put me off till the *Senator* went to his Country Seat, and took my Copy with him, as the *Captain* affirmed, when he gave me this subsequent Direction in his own *Hand Writing*.—*William Beckford*, Esq; at *Font-Hill; Wilts.*

Just as I had got the foregoing Direction, Capt. *Collett* advised me not to take such a long Journey, but to wait for Mr. *Beckford's* coming back; who had approved of my *Discoveries* so well, as the *Captain* protested, that I should be satisfied for my Trouble and Loss of Time; if the *Alderman* did



did nothing else in that Affair.—Which *Captain* kept me six or seven Weeks in Suspence, then returned the *Manuscript*, and bid me go to Mr. *Beckford* for an Answer ; being about *Michaelmas* Term.

That ensuing Winter, I went to wait on them both successively, almost every Week, and got a great many plausible Promises from Capt. *Collett* ; but no *access* to Alderman *Beckford*, nor any *satisfactory* Answer from his other Servants : For which special Reasons, I dropt my *Suit* till May, A. D. 1758 ; then applied several Times to his chief Domestic (Captain *Collett*) who promised as aforelaid, but never *vouchsafed* me any Response : —So I left a Letter at his House, desiring him to perform his repeated Promises ; which might enable me to pay for printing a *Traet* ; entitled, THE MINISTER'S PRACTICE : Or, The FEMALE POLITICIAN.

Which *Subject* was then in the Press, and I attended that same *Captain*, for a final Answer, on the second Day of *June*, at his Office in *Nicholas-Lane*, near *Lombard-street* : Then he bid me go about my Business, since they had a hundred such like *Schemes*, but he never knew any of those *Authors* get a single *Farthing* for their Works, nor any other *Favours*, from Mr. *Beckford* : (A Gentleman reckon'd to be *principally concerned* in writing the *Monitor*.) Which barbarous *Repulse* of that Senator's *Abettor*, excited me to send him a *Summons* the very next Day, and he appeared to it on the 8th of *June*, bullying much like a *Boat-swain* in a Man of War !

Captain

Captain *Collett* did not deny any of these afore-going Allegations in Court, but he abruptly assur'd the Gentlemen, twice over,—what I called a *Manuscript* (never read by himself) was a very *dirty* Sheet of Paper! or, two Sheets, he could not well remember which.—I ask'd the Court, since Captain *Collett* never perus'd my Copy, by his own *Confession*, how he could certainly know it to be a very *dirty* Sheet of Paper? Then the *Captain* reply'd, in a *snappish* Manner, that Mr. *Beckford* told him so.—As some of the Gentlemen still seem'd on my Side, that *Sea Captain* said, he was a *Merchant* in the City of *London*, (a *Green Grocer*, in that *Metropolis*, may say the *same*) from whence he came, forced by my *Summons*, to attend that Court!

Great *Hardship*! To dine with Alderman *Beckford* in *Soho-square*, or at his own House in *King-street*, so cross the Corner of *Covent-Garden* to *Hart-street*, and to attend that Court near Five o'Clock in the Afternoon! Where he likewise alledged, how I was a *Chelsea Pensioner*, and Mr. *Beckford* declar'd, that he would certainly *complain* against me to the BOARD of *Works*!—Then the Clerk ask'd me for *Seventeen-pence*; so the *London Merchant* slip't out of Court, without taking an *Oath*, whilst I waited for my *Change*! Therefore I shall add that Affidavit *Shilling* to the *Debt*, or *Damage*, and refer my judicious Readers to that very *dirty Sheet of Paper*! But, as Alderman *Beckford* may have a *perfect* Copy, or the cleanest *Part* of it for his own *Monitor*; the most



*dirty Puddles* in my Work are carefully *extracted* to this following Effect.

## ZEALOUS REMONSTRANCES.

SHEWING just Cause for General *Blakeney's* Trial, where he may have the *Appearance* of more *exemplary* Justice done him, on his *unaccountable Fame* in *Defence* of *Minorca*! Since he would *questionless*, be the more honourably acquitted, by the solemn *Oaths* of his *Brethren*, at a *General Court Martial*: Written during the Siege of *St. Philip's Castle*, (or before any certain News arrived in *England*, to confirm the *Surrender* of that important *Fortress*) upon a sure *Foundation*, if our daily *Occurrences* were *Matters* of *FACT*; that he did not prepare himself, near so well as he might have done, in seven Years Time of *Peace*, to give the *Marshal Duke of Richlieu* a warm *Reception*.

Design'd for the *Legislature* of *Great-Britain*.

SINCE the *general Reduction*, A. D. 1749, I laid several Complaints before proper *Superiors* at *Home*; enough in Reason, for a fair *Warning* to any *impartial* Judges, concerning some Leaders *unwarrantable Practices Abroad* all the last *War*: Namely, relative to General *Anstruther's* tyrannick *Sway*; who was often told, that I never had a lawful *Discharge*, from the *Royal Train of Artillery*; notwithstanding, he had me *forcibly detain'd* above *eleven Years*, in his *Cameronian Regiment*,  
and



and rather treated like any *Turkish* Slave than a *Christian* Soldier.

Afterwards, about 1100 Men were *embarked* in *Portmahon* Harbour, and *disbanded* without any *Benefit* of the Royal *Bounty* ; yet, we never could recover our long *Arrears* from those *arbitrary* Officers, by Reason that they *forced* us to give *Receipts* in full of all *Demands* ; not only upon *Pain* of *terrible* Imprisonment, with subsequent *Tortures* (too barbarous to mention at present) but, the *Tyrants* also *threaten'd* to leave some of us old *Warriors* behind ; pretending we should either *Sign* our *Discharges*, or *stay* on that *stony* *Island* during *Life* ! (little *dreaming* of the Marshal *Richlieu's* Approach to *relieve* us) Notwithstanding Governor *Blakeney* has got a great *Reputation*, he certainly *encouraged* the Commanders of *Companies* to *tyrannize*, if it was only by his wilful *Connivance* at their cruel *Menaces*, but *abundantly* more so through his own *Example* !

By which *base* Means, the *imbolden'd* Officers *bully'd* us out of about *Eight-pence* a *Week* for certain, or *Thirteen-pence* a-piece every *Week*, in Case the King sent us Salt Beef *gratis* ; as our Oppressors granted, at the *War-Office*, that his Majesty paid a *Part* : (Witness the Right Hon. *Henry Fox*) Therefore, I presume, a Sovereign Prince would rather pay all that Expence, than Club with any private Soldiers for the same Article : So my particular Share of *Arrears*, if I belonged to the *Cameronians*, must Amount to *Thirty* *Guineas* or upwards ; *stopt* under such crafty  
*Connivers*

*Connivers* as are now *renown'd* for *Bravery*, (not one single Word of *BRIBERY* nor *CORRUPTION*!) But all such credulous *Britons* may be more careful the next *general* Reduction ; since the most of those injur'd *Veterans* aforementioned, near 1100 in Number, by a *common* Rumour, went directly to the *French* King for Bread ! Therefore, we need not much *Wonder* in the Main, how Marshal *Rich-lieu* came so well acquainted with our *Mines* ; when he would not let his Army take *Possession* of those two small Posts, that were said to be *abandoned* by our Forces ; doubtless, with a *Design* to *blow* up the *Besiegers* ; But, those old *Birds* would not be so easily caught ; since our experienced *Cast-Offs*, that fled to France (for want of their *long* Arrears) can give their present Officers perfect *Intelligence* of *St. Philip's* Subterraneans.

General *Blakeney* bears the Character of a *bold* Commander, as it's a very natural Cause, amongst all Friends and affectionate Countrymen, to *speak* the best of their own *Companions* ; but, who can be *answerable* for his *conscientious* Principles (whether he lose or keep the *strong* Fort of *St. Philip's* Castle) or his good Conduct before the *Siege* commenced ? Especially, if there be any Truth observed in a positive Advertisement, that mention'd his *fining* the Islanders 22,000 Dollars, and so *excused* all those *treacherous* Subjects from any further *Service* ; when they had *obstinately* refus'd to take up Arms against the *French* ?

Could not our Governor *confine* the rebellious *Magistracy* ? And soon *compel* some of the *Rest* to bear

bear Arms through *fear*, before his powerful Enemy landed at *Furnell's Castle*, or *Ciudadella*? Rather than accept of such a *trivial* Sum, as 4,400 *Pounds*, for the *Military Chest*, or his own *Perquisites*! otherwise, he should have made all *suspected* Rebels *quit* the Island, without any further Dispute; especially, such *robust* Natives, as were formerly *employ'd* about our Fortifications; since those that are not for us, (saith our Blessed *Saviour*) will consequently be the most against us: But, through such *gross* Neglect of Governor *Blakeney*, we find, the *crafty* Foe *procured* five hundred of those *effective* Labourers every Day; and, without doubt, so many busy Informers of the *famous* Engineer *Crosby's* Decoys!

Howsoever our fortify'd Ruler may be *reduced* at present, or obliged to *Parly* with his *powerful* Antagonist; I'm *positive* the *naked* Natives could not possibly *force* him to capitulate; by Reason that they neither had Fire Arms, nor Ammunition, at their Command before the *Siege*: Except a large Number of bright *Dollars*, to *storm* his grand Battery; besides those few mentioned for the *Military Chest*, or his own Pocket; as private Purfes are frequently Fatal, or extremely dangerous, to mercenary Leaders; being most likely to bury their boasted Honour under Ground! Notwithstanding his Excellence kept the *Pretender* out of *Stirling-Castle*, perhaps that poor Enemy could give him no great Allurement, nor Temptation of Gold to *surrender* that Garrison; whereas we *Veterans* know by Experience, how any strong Fort



Fort may stand secure enough, until it's vigorously stormed : But, in Case our *exalted* Governor came off, quite uncorrupted from *Scotland*; might not more absolute Power, at the *remote* Island of *Minorca*, soon alter his Property, and tempt him to proceed like some of his *lucrative* Predecessors ?

Suppose our *fam'd* Governor took those native *Turncoats*, even for true Subjects, at his first Arrival; might not seven Years Experience shew him their Perfidy, in some Perfection, before the *French* arrived to drive him from his fine Prospect at *Portmahon* ? Provided there had been no *Remoras* (*Sea Lamprey, clinging Fish*) in the *Mediterranean* ? Nor *Levant* Gold-Dust, flying about the *Sea-Coast* of *Minorca*, to prevent all his fair Penetration ?—When Marshal *Richlieu* first landed at *Ciudadella*, we find, the *Chief* of those *Magistrates* paid him great Compliments; then sent their Peasants for Help, to bring his Baggage on Shore with more Expedition, and made the great Bells of their Churches to Ring for Joy ! But, in all Probability; if there had been no *Bribery*, nor base *Corruption* in the Case, their Clergy must have rung the Hand-Bells, or sung *Te-Deum* under St. *Philip's* Castle: which famous Conduct (of our *Commander*) might have kept their Inferiors more Loyal; if not most effectually aw'd the superstitious Country People, and made them extreme anxious to preserve their own Church Rulers, rather than to repair the broken Roads for any *Foreign* Troops.

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In short, those native *Rebels* were idoliz'd so much at General *Blakeney's* first Arrival to govern, that he would spare no time to Redress private Soldiers Grievances, nor scarce ever suffer them to carry their bare Compliments within his Court Gate; whether through *fear* of being *disturbed* in some private Business, or in his more eager Pursuit of Pleasure with the Natives, must consequently be a *Secret* best known to himself, and some of his *Bottle* Companions *most* in Favour: Did he not bring a large Chest full of *Poppets* with him to *Portmahon*, representing a *brave* Regiment of Men under Arms, if not a *vast* numerous Army, designed to perform a famous new *Exercise* of his own Invention?—By Report of his particular Favourites, he said, one of his *Poppets* was always an *awkward* Fellow; therefore he *threw* that little painted *Image* thro' his *Chamber* Window: However, some *merry* Soldiers, to my certain Knowledge, made a *show* of it in the *Main Guard*; but he soon turned their *Mirth* to *Sorrow* and *Misery*, as they were frequently pester'd with the same *fantastical* Exercise, where *Care* enough was taken to keep their craving *Bellies* empty, so that they might run the faster away from any other Enemy.

Thus my Readers may easily perceive, how a dexterous Governor made new *Poppets* of old Soldiers, not forgetting to bring their Officers upon the *Stage* likewise; when both *embarrass'd* Parties gave him many bitter Curses behind his Back! Moreover, they commonly *suggested* by Way of

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*Derision,*

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*Derision*, that he seemed far better qualify'd for a *Manager* of some *Poppet Show*, than to govern our *Garrisons* abroad in time of *WAR*: since he partly abolished our perfect established Exercise, with an ambitious View to introduce his own Discipline: But, I've been credibly assured, Sir *William Boothby*, Major of Colonel *Kennedy's* Regiment, refused to Fatigue his Men with any such *Innovations*, until some Orders came from *England*; since he was sure the King himself, and some of the best Judges in his Majesty's Service, had not only pass'd their unanimous Approbation, but also had authorised General *Bland's* Book of *Exercise* throughout the *British Army*.

Yet, our Topicks abound with Governor *Blakeney's* fine Atchievements, and his *Guardian* Bravery to Perfection, as all great *Exploits* were attributed to him alone; like an *Angel* of the first Magnitude: For, it seems, no manner of *Encomiums* are paid to any other Commanders, nor to those laborious Bands that stand the Batteries upon all Occasions! Rash *Britons*, take Care; will ye rob the Diety of his Dignity, or deprive the King of his Diadem, and Crown their whimsical Deputy with all the Spoils, besides a *Garland* of everlasting *Laurel*? Why should one mortal Man have so much *Idol* Praise, as if he could preserve all the King's Dominions by himself, even e'er ye know any Thing Material of his real Merit; or whether he may not prove (upon Trial) one of the greatest *Raparees* ever bred in *Europe*? Remember, it's not Governor *Blakeney's* Prudence, near so much as  
God's



God's Providence, that governs over all Armies, and *animates* the Gunners to fight your *Battles*; by giving them true Courage to face all Dangers, especially in desperate *Sieges*, and the famous Art to Point their ponderous Cannon for Execution, before they possibly can dismount the *French Batteries*.

Let our *presumptuous* Leaders, therefore, give Glory to the *Supreme Artist*, and Reward all his *diligent* Labourers with more Equity than aforementioned; lest their long Arrears arise in Judgment, against such *unjust* Rulers, as it's frequently express'd in Scripture; so *provoke* the Omnipotent to *Fight* against those cruel Oppressors!—Peradventure, General *Blakeney's* Friends will yet alledge, just as they did in the former Part of *June*, when a Report prevailed, that Fort St. *Philip's* capitulated on the 26th of *May*, viz.—  
 ' However, if the Place is lost, 'tis not the Governor's Fault, our Enemies do Justice to his  
 ' Courage and Conduct, and say, 'tis Pity, (altho'  
 ' at the same Time they are glad of it) that  
 ' *England* has not many Officers of his *Merit*.'

Such *lofty* Compliments, doubtless, were *fine* Strains of *French* Policy; for, they seemed confident of the *Fort*, in a *little* Time after they landed; and even pretended, through *French* Pride (probably in *Contempt* of *English* Wisdom) that our Garrison wanted skilful Gunners! Whose resolute Fires, nevertheless, by their own Fortitude, often frustrated the numerous Besiegers Expectation: Therefore, I boldly presume, those  
 baffled

baffled Officers extol'd General *Blakeney's* Bravery, with a double View of Advantage to themselves; *i. e.* In all Probability, both to set forth their *Native* Country's Politeness, and more especially to *Amuse* the impatient Court of *France*.

† So ends an *Extract*, from what was called, a *very dirty* Sheet of Paper! Now referred to the judicious *Legislature* of *Great-Britain* (with due Regard to the *Ladies*) and the *Judgment* of their *Constituents* in general; especially those worthy *Patriots* that *addressed* the King, and *instructed* their representatives with Sincerity; not only *relative* to the most wilful neglect of *Minorca*, but likewise to *enquire* about the Reasons of all our *national* Miscarriages.

Mr. *Thomas Collett*, as I am very credibly assur'd, was formerly Capt. of a *Vessel* trading to *Jamaica*; but, how *just* he has been to his *Mariners* (by his *base* Demeanour to me) let the World judge with *Equity*: For my own Part, I suspect that he got the most of his *Pelf*, to make himself a *London* Merchant, by picking out the *Brains* of poor *Britons*! Since Alderman *Beckford*, I am still *perswaded*, is a Gentleman of more Honour, than to keep my *Work* six or seven *Weeks*; and then to send it back, without allowing me a suitable *Recompence*, for my *Trouble* and *Loss* of *Time*: Therefore I have great Reason to judge, that Capt. *Collett* had carried my Copy (for *Lucre* or *Gain*) amongst some of General *Blakeney's* Friends; and made

made the Senator's Absence a Pretence, only to suppress those well-meant *Discoveries*!

§ During the *King's* Residence, at his *German* Dominions, I applied to Sir *Robert Walpole*; but, received no Answer, as my Application concerned some *fraudulent* Officers! Therefore I addressed the *Queen-Regent*, and she asked Sir *Robert's* Opinion of my *Complaints*? Who readily acknowledged, without perusing my Address, how he perfectly knew the Style, and spoke to my Officers accordingly; but, as they reckon'd me a *Lunatick* Person, he imagined, it would not be proper to intermeddle with my *Affairs*: Then her Majesty reply'd, since he knew my Hand-Writing, and *Character* so well, she was sure it could be no *Madman's* Work; for which *special* Reasons, she ordered her *Politician* directly to send for their *Secretary at War*, quite from his *distant* Country Seat in *Devonshire*; that he might enquire *strictly* into my Allegations, and let her know the real Truth of every *Article*, against the *King's* Return from *Hanover*.

Briefly telling Sir *Robert*, in *express* Terms, that they could get Officers sooner than Soldiers to compleat their *Forces*; therefore she resolved to speak with his Majesty; not only to order me a *due Redress*, if in the Right (as she really believ'd) but likewise a *Commission* for my faithful *Discoveries*: Which *Secretary at War* (seemingly vexed at such a sudden Call) instead of *impartial* Judgment, proved to be my *bitter* Enemy! And, after



after several cross Examinations, at the *War Office*, for three *Weeks* successively, he then suffer'd me to be *closely* confined (so prevented my further Applications to the *Queen-Regent*) being kept sixteen *Weeks* in *Prison* ! But no *Crime* alledged, only book'd as *confined*, by order of the *Secretary at War* !

Thus I was most wrongfully detained ; merely to screen the *Faults* of my conscious *Adversaries*, until discharged from their oppressive *Corps*, without any *Form* of a *Trial* at last !

\*+ Quickly after that Dismission, I list'd into the *Royal Train* of *Artillery*, and did the *King's* Duty sometime at *Woolwich Warren* ; where my Service was so well approved of, that the *Captain Commandant*, very often, promised me speedy *Preferment* : And, in the mean Time, gave me leave to reside at *London*, about my own *Business* ; only to appear constantly at their *Monthly* *Musters*, and then return back to my own *Occupation*.—Doubtless, that *Commander* little suspected my real *Design* ; but, *Peradventure*, as a *Clerk* in this great *Metropolis*, rather than a *Writer* against any of his *Brother Officers*.—In brief ; the bare Remembrance of that *bad Usage* abovementioned, with many other *cruel Oppressions* to the same Purpose, excited me to compose a *Book* of one half *Crown Price* ; entitled, *The ARMY'S REGULATOR ; or, The British Monitor*. Dedicated to the *King's* most excellent Majesty.

\*\* Two of those Books, neatly bound, gilt and lettered, were tender'd to the *King* and *Queen* at  
Kew-

*Kew-Green* ; when her Majesty (of *Immortal Memory*) bid me give my two Books to a *Page* that attended, just as the *Chaise* set off for *St. James's* : Which *Page*, after their Majesties Departure, perused my *Title-Page*, then run into the *Court* without my Books ; whom I quickly follow'd and described him to a *Lady*, that went directly for an Answer, leaving the *Doors* open ; so that I could see a Ring of great Officers, sitting round a *Table* in the *third Room*, with *Silver Tankards*, several *Decanters* and *Glasses* before them : From whence the *courteous Lady* came with a *Guinea* in her Hand, and asked if I was the *Gentleman* (as she pleased to express herself) that presented two Books to the *King* and *Queen* ?—Being answered, that I was the same Person—*Sir*, (she said) you are desired to leave the two Books, and to accept of this *Guinea*.

—Just as I came out of the *Court Gate*, several gallant *Gentlemen* were a walking on the *Green* ; when one of them ask'd if I had got those *Ten Guineas*, that the *Queen Caroline* had order'd ?—I reply'd as afore-mentioned.—Then he said, before his Companions, ' That the *Page* was a *Villain* ! ' Who had sent out one *Gninea* (a very common *Practice at Court*) on Purpose to pocket the other *Nine* ! Since I can safely take my *Oath*, that her Majesty ordered such a *Page*, in the *German Language* (which I perfectly understand) immediately to receive those two Books, and to give the *Author* ten *Guineas*.'

I returned the *Gentleman* sincere Thanks, for his

his fair Intelligence ; then told him of my own *Suspicion* ; that some of the *Military Officers*, most probably, had sent a single *Guinea* ; with a *Design*, if any ways *possible*, to conceal my Presents from both of their *Majesties* ! Therefore I *resolved* to *present* them with two more Books at St. *James's*, least the others should be *intercepted*, and to pay my *just* Compliments for the *same* *Guinea*, that was sent me by their *Page* at *Kew-Green*.—All those *gallant* Gentlemen, then *present*, approved of my Resolution : But, *alas* ! the very next Week, our *gracious* Queen *Caroline* was seized with her *last* *Sickness*, and *departed* this *Life* !—Oh ! *Fatal* Catastrophe ! (according to my Judgment) for the *whole* *Realm* ; but, *apparently*, as aforesaid, fatal to *myself* in the most *particular* *Manner*.

Our reigning *gracious* *Monarch*, by a *current* Report, was so vastly grieved at first, for the *Loss* of his judicious *Consort* ; that he could hardly give Audience to his *Ministers* of *State*, upon *Business* of the greatest Importance ; much less to hear any *Complaints*, or peruse the *Writings* of his *private* Soldiers.—Therefore the Booksellers *published* that *well-meant* *Work* ; which *Treatise* soon irritated a great Number of *guilty* Officers, or *exasperated* the late Duke of *Marlborough's* Descendents, to such a vast Degree of *dire* *Revenge* ! (See Pages, 148, 149,) That they *quickly* had me *seized* in St. *James's* Park, and forcibly *shopt* into their *Savoy* ! When a strict Charge was given, especially to Captain *Howard* (then Head *Provost* Marshal of *England*)



England) not to let me send out *any* Letters, nor keep the *least* Correspondence under his Care, upon any *Account* whatsoever.

General *Philip Anstruther*, before that Time, was only *Colonel* of a Regiment that laid at *Gibraltar*: But, as Sir *Robert Walpole* was in great Danger of being pelted to Death by the enraged Rabble, for his *base* Attempt to pass the pernicious *Excise Bill*! That *officious* Colonel, by Report, drew his Sword at the Parliament-House Door, and endeavoured to defend that Prime Minister; but, the *presumptuous* Defender, it seems, nearly escap'd with his *own* Life at last! Howsoever, Sir *Robert* did not only get him commission'd as *Brigadier General* and *Lieutenant Governor* of *Minorca*, for his Behaviour, but also got the *Cameronian* Regiment sent quickly after him to that same *Island*.

Captain *Howard* (consider'd as a *Goal-Keeper*) gave me the best of *Advice* to *save* my Body; but, seemed to have *no* manner of Regard for the Soul; when he wanted me to ask Pardon of the *first* Offenders! (that *forced* me to write in my own Defence!) Otherwise, he *often* said, I should *probably* meet with more *severe* Treatment at *Minorca*; since *Brigadier Anstruther*, "a very *stern* Officer," would be well informed of all my Actions.—Just as that Captain *Provost* suggested, so it *happened* accordingly; therefore, I fancy, he must have had good Information, or some extraordinary *gift* of *prophecy*.

Presently after my landing at *Portmahon*, *Brigadier Anstruther's* Instruments sent me to the *Drill*, twice every Day, when off the King's Duty;  
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notwithstanding I had formerly passed several grand Reviews, both in *Hyde-park*, and several other Places, with great Applause for my Dexterity at Arms; and (not to sound my own Trumpet) can still perform our *old* Exercise to Perfection, either before his Majesty (if required) or the best experienc'd General Officers in *England*: But nevertheless, those ruling Tyrants kept me *nine* or *ten* Months at Exercise amongst *new* Recruits and *Irish* Draughts, after the rest of my Ship-Mates were dismissed from their Drill.—Therefore, I should probably have *shot* the *Ring-Leader* of those *incarnate* Devils, only wanted a little Powder and Ball; since its well known, that the *Cameronians* had none allow'd, not one *single* Cartridge upon Guard, all the first *two* Years after their Regiment arrived at *Portmahon*.

Fine Guards, in Time of War, for the great Security of *Minorca*!—Several good Soldiers were unwilling to go upon the King's Duty without loading; since they were liable to many gross Insults, both from the Swarms of drunken Sailors at all Hours of the Night; and likewise, from the numerous Rabble of native *Spaniards*, that were inveterate Adversaries to the *naked* Soldiery! whose Serjeants and Corporals (being successively pester'd with such like Complaints) told their respective Companies for a great Secret, that *I* was the *sole* Occasion of their wanting such Ammunition! since *their* Officers reckoned *me* a *resolute* Fellow, not *fit* to be entrusted with any Cartridges, they would give none to the Rest, until their Regiment's removal

removal to another Garrison!--Let my Readers judge with Candour, according to this Assertion, and resolve me if they can; whether Governor *Anstruther* was not a greater Coward, or guilty of more gross Neglect, than the late accus'd Admiral *Byng*? who was seemingly shot in *Portsmouth* Harbour, for his downright Cowardice, or Neglect of Duty.

Howsoever, after we marched from that Governor's Guard at *Portmahon*, I was chiefly kept at *Fort St. Philip's*, *Furnell's* Castle, and *Ciudadella*; or sent to their *Signal-House* Guards, during the petty Tyrant's mere Pleasure, like a *French* Exile for treasonable Practices! otherwise bill'd up within the Gates of those Garrisons, not to pass the Sentinels upon any Conditions, until Governor *Anstruther* was re-call'd home the second Time,—By Report, for the Breach of forty Articles, or upwards, in his grand Commissions! but, more probable, upon Account of the following Article, extracted from a Tract that I sent him five Years ago: Pages 23, 24.

The grand *Turk* can't be more arbitrary at *Constantinople*, than a proud and imperious Governor in the Island of *Minorca*; especially, if there be any Truth in the private Report of a certain Lord and his Linguist, that were said to be washing or swimming, in *Portmahon* Harbour when a Lieutenant Governor appear'd: which young Lord sent the Linguist for his Cloaths, with an Intent, as it was suppos'd, of complimenting his Excellency, who was going out a Fowling near the Water-side, for his own Diversion; and took so much Pleasure



in shooting at *white Marks* (innocent or defenceless Men) that many People said, he cock'd his Piece and shot the Linguist for appearing naked in his Presence! therefore the said Lord came out of the Water, (running up naked also) and, consequently, accused the blind Gunner, with shooting his Servant instead of a Bird.—The said *chief* Commander endeavoured to *excuse* himself, by saying, he did not know that the *Fellow* was his Lordship's Servant, for he took the *Búgar* to be some audacious Rascal of a *Soldier*! Which vulgar Discourse, and most odious Expressions, were that foul-mouth'd Monster's common Language, in his contumacious Phrases of common Men! However, that tyrannical Affair made a mighty Noise at *Minorca*, as the young Lord's intended Travels were suppos'd to be prevented by losing his Linguist; and, many People said, his Lordship proposed to lay that shocking Circumstance before the *British Legislature*.—As Major *Sinclair* commanded Col. *Anstruther's* Regiment, at *Gibraltar*, I likewise sent one of my Pamphlets to the Major; when his Honour approv'd of my Work very well in the main, only said, he heard that the Linguist recover'd. (so his *Colonel* escap'd the Gallows!) However, dead or alive, the Gunner never return'd to govern at *Minorca*.

‡ Notwithstanding Gen. *Blakeney* came to be our Ruler, perhaps one Year and an half before the general *Reduction*; for my own Part, I could never get within that new *Governor's Gate*, until the Forces were embarked in *Portmahon Harbour*!

by

by Reason that Lieut. Col. *Robert Anstruther* (the Generals Cousin) or some petty Officers of the same Stamp, gave strict Orders to their Grenadier Centries, not to let me pass thro' the said Gate, upon Pain of their being imprisoned and severely punished! Besides, our familiar new Governor seldom walk'd Abroad, without a shining Train of watchful Officers to attend his *Excellence*; so that he appear'd rather harder of Access, if possible, than His Majesty was at St. *James's*, during the last Session of Parliament: See, *THE MINISTERS PRACTICE*, Page 15.

Lieut. Col. *Robert Anstruther*, (after Lieut. Col. *William Hooke* was discarded to give him Place) pretended to buy good blue Watch-Coats for the whole Regiment; and therefore stopt about 17 or 18 s. from every Soldier, at 3 d. per Week, near 18 Months before his Moth-eaten Cloth came over to *Minorca*: So that puny griping Colonel, made some busy Work (but little Wealth) for his Taylors; and helped well, to fill their greedy *Commanders* Pockets, not forgetting his own private Purse at the same Time; since those rough Garments, given out by their encroaching Officers, it's still provable, were judged not worth above half the Money at last! Moreover, that cunning Colonel, and his Mercenary Companions, stopt Twelve-pence a-piece every Week, from a great Majority of their Duty Men; that could not furnish themselves with two or three clean Shirts, to mount their Fagots weekly Guards, besides good Shoes and Stockings to run amongst the rugged Rocks! Out of which  
Articles,

Articles, it's likewise provable, their lucrative Leaders commonly extorted one third Part.

By such intolerable Extortions, my serious Readers may readily judge, and tell me in plain Terms, what those oppressed Duty Men had to live upon at *Minorca*?—Otherwise I can tell their greatest Oppressors, and expert Arithmeticians; that 13d. a Week of *General* Stoppages, P. 5. & 15d. a Week of *Regimental* Stoppages, just Amounts to 2 s. 4 d. out of 3 s. 6 d. So it seems, there only remains 14 d. a-piece each Week, *Two-pence* Sterling every Day exactly; for those faithful Duty Men's Washing, Shaving, Powdering, and their own Subsistence!—Ask the *Prussian* Hero, if that was Right in Time of War?—Now, *Minorca* being f—d, for a Warning to secure *Gibraltar*.

But, above all—Ask the *British Lion*, if *Anstruthers* and *Blakeney*, are not three Robbers! When I told the last named Tyrant of such Tricks, he threaten'd to have we well *Trounced*!—Major *Sinclair*, it seems, used to say that the *Cameronians* would never Thrive, so long as there was an *Anstruther* in their Regiment: And (with Regard to the whole Army) if *Britons* knew all, I really think they would say the same of *Blakeney*.—Nevertheless, *L. G. Philip Anstruther*, by Report, has got a Government in *Ireland*!—Lieut. Col. *Robert Anstruther*, it seems, is preferred to be full Col. in one of the Ten new raised Regiments!—Lieut. Gen. *William Blakeney*, not only created a Knight of the *Bath*, and a noble Lord in *England*, but likewise a Peer in *Ireland*!

Very



Very fine Deportment (O ! Rare—Old Ministry ! ) for three *Bravo's* Preferment.—Sir *Robert Walpole*, Sir *William Yonge* (formerly Secretary at War) and the Rest of their contemporary *Fraternity*, still seem to Rule the *Roast-beef* in *Old England* !—Notwithstanding a Man in Distress, the World must allow, can't very well be poetically disposed ; yet, I will venture to explain my Opinion in Poetry, upon this important Occasion ; and also, my firm Resolution, as follows.

Sir *Robert Walpole*—still ; our *wise* Councils *Baffle* !  
 Who dare name his *sage* Grace ; th' *Duke* of *Newcastle* ?  
 Sir *William Yonge*, likewise ; for——his selfish *Ends* ;  
 At th' *War-Office* yet ;——has *living*, weighty *Friends* !  
 Just so, bear down the *weak* ; and at new *St—m'n* Strike !  
 Unless it's still allow'd——that, *They* are *All-Alike*.  
*Anstruthers*, and *Blakeney*——all struck at me *Amain* !  
*Thus*, if *They* still *persist*——I'll freely strike *Again*.  
 Dare they *rashly*, at *once*——into my *Presence* Run ? }  
 I'll *Strike*, or *Shoot*'em *All* ; with *B-y's* *Wooden Gun* : }  
 And merit my *Birtb-R-t*,--Br'ue *M'rlb'r*—h's *Grandson*. }  
 Look-else, *Britons* may see——That I am no *Dastard* : }  
 Born, near *Carlisle*, in *Cumberland*—(unless *Foster'd*) }  
 Honest *Nicol* Earl's *Grandson*——No *Duke's* *Bastard*. }

§ EXAMPLES for EITHER SEX ; or,  
 MOTIVES to EQUITY (sent to *Anstruther* five  
 Years past) did not only expose those Miscreants  
 at MINORCA ; but, also gave some brief Hints of  
 my Noble Descent, as abovementioned : There-  
 fore I carried a large Manuscript to *Newcastle House*,  
 March 1, A. D. 1755, and waited in their Porter's  
 Lodge ;

Very

Lodge; until Mr. *Thomas Perry* came down Stairs (in the Dutchess of *Newcastle's* Name) and promised me a great Mountain, or Promotion, that proved no higher than a Mole-Hill at last, for my large Manuscript! Which Breach of Promise excited me to entitle my preceding Tract.—The *Minister's Practice*; or, *The Female Politician*: Not forgetting their similar Political Steward.

Since I was not only deprived of my Liberty, (besides Property) upwards of eleven Years, by those three notorious Tyrants at Minorca! Yet, (no Benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act) as these three famous Politicians at Lincoln's Inn Fields, most likely, by their illegal Detention of that large Manuscript, were Accessary to the Death of my dear Wife! For which weighty Reason, I present the Public with another Tract (gratis) and refer that serious Affair to their impartial Judgment.—An Appendix to the Magistrates Adviser (likewise to be had of the Author) *Errata* 1. Omit the *Apostraphy*, either in the Title Page or Head Piece.—2. Page 13, Line 23, for September, read December.—3. Page 14, Line 28, for Contributions, read Countenance and Protection.

F I N I S